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COUNSEL, (or TRUTH.)

BEAUTY.

PLEASURE.

DECEIT.

CHORUS.

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A C T I.

CHORUS.

**T**IME is supreme. — Time is a mighty Pow'r,  
Whom wisest Mortals will adore.

RECITATIVE.

Beauty, [*Looking in a Glass.*]

How happy, could I fix but here;  
And stop old Time in his Career!

A I R.

Faithful Mirror, fair-reflecting,  
All my beauteous Charms collecting;  
Which, I fear, will soon decay.  
Thou shalt flourish still in Splendor,  
While these Glories I surrender,  
Horrid Time's devoted Prey. [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

Pleasure. Fear not. — I, Pleasure, swear  
That these Charms you still shall wear,  
Ever-blooming, ever-fair.

Beauty. Beauty, thy Slave, this Vow shall make,  
Sweet Pleasure never to forsake:



*The TRIUMPH of*

And, if this Vow I disregard,  
 In Pain and Anguish,  
 Let me languish,  
 Tasting Folly's due Reward.

## A I R.

Pleasure. *Pensive Sorrow, deep-possessing,  
 Life despoils of every Blessing,  
 Wrapt in Shades of piercing Woe.  
 Who indulges Grief's sad Passion,  
 (Sore Vexation!)  
 Knows no joyful Day below.* [Da Capo.

## R E C I T.

Deceit. Despise old Time. --- If short his Stay,  
 Let every Joy  
 The Heart employ,  
 And Pleasure still improve the Day.

## A I R and C H O R U S.

Come, come, live with Pleasure;  
 Taste in Youth Life's only Joy. ---  
 Old Age knows no Leisure,  
 But dull wintry Thoughts t' employ.

## R E C I T.

Time. [to Beauty.]

Turn --- Look on me. --- Behold old Time. ---  
 Counsel. --- And view Counsel, the Son of Truth. ---  
 Time. --- Who soon will shew,  
 How frail a Flower Beauty is.

Counsel.

*Counsel.* The Blossom of a Day, that springs and dies.

A I R.

*The Beauty, smiling,  
And sweet-beguiling,  
Soon drooping, dying,  
Returns no more.*

*The Youth, now blooming,  
And still presuming,  
Few Moments flying,  
Shall charm no more.*

RECIT.

*Pleasure.* Our different Pow'rs we'll try, and see  
Who now shall gain the Victory;  
*Pleasure, ---*

*Beauty.* --- or *Beauty, ---*

*Time.* --- *Time, ---*

*Counsel.* --- or *Counsel.*

A I R.

*Beauty.* Ever-flowing Tides of Pleasure  
Shall transport me beyond Measure,  
In this Conflict with old Time.  
If he dares  
To despoil this choicest Treasure,  
Beauty, blooming in its Prime.

RECIT.

*Time.* The Hand of Time pulls down  
The great Colossus of the Sun,  
The stone-built Castle, cloud-capt Tow'r;  
And shall *Beauty* oppose my Pow'r?

A I R.

**The TRIUMPH of**

**AIR.**

Loathsome Urns, disclose your Treasure,  
(Pride and Pleasure)  
Unveil to me,  
That I may see  
If now any  
Spark of Beauty still remains.  
No — all dark as Night!  
Tyrant Worms their Prey enjoying,  
Dust and Ashes still destroying,  
Which my greedy Tooth disdains.

**CHORUS.**

Strengthen us, O Time, with all thy Lore:  
Teach us the Ways of Wisdom.  
[Then shall we teach thy Ways unto the Wicked,  
and Sinners shall be converted unto thee.]

**RECIT.**

Deceit. Too rigid the Reproof you give;  
Too deep the Search of Truth.  
Wise Men will still in Pleasure live,  
And still enjoy,  
Without Annoy,  
The proper Fruits of Youth.

**AIR and CHORUS.**

Happy, if still they reign in Pleasure,  
All the Sweets of Youth carressing.  
Happy, if fighting Time's dull Measure,  
They enjoy the present Blessing.

[Da Capo.

Counsel.



# TIME and TRUTH.

37

*Counsel.* Youth is not rich in Time; it may be, poor:  
Nor can he call his own the passing Hour.

*Time.* Hence let thy Thoughts on Frailty range,  
And know, that every Day,  
Some Charm I make my lawful Prey,  
Tho' unperceiv'd the Change.

*Pleasure.* He best, he only Life enjoys,  
Who will not think how fast it flies.

*Counsel.* Yet, ere it is too late, give ear,  
And this short Maxim hear.

## AIR and CHORUS.

*Like the Shadow, Life ever is flying,  
Seeming still fix'd; so swift the Delusion.  
Man heeds not Time, on Hope still relying;  
Soon the Bell strikes: and all is Confusion.*



## A C T II.

### CHORUS.

**P**leasure submits to Pain,  
As Day recedes to Night:  
And Sorrow smiles again,  
As Time sets all things right.

Thus are the Seasons chang'd,  
And all in turn appear,  
In various Order rang'd

Throughout the whole revolving Year.

RACIT.

## The TRIUMPH of

## RECIT.

*Pleasure.* Here *Pleasure* keeps her splendid Court,  
 Where all her Devotees resort;  
 And, at her Nod, advance,  
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance;  
 Minstrels, and Music, Poetry, and Play;  
 And Balls by Night, and manly Sports by Day.

## SYMPHONY.

## RECIT.

*Beauty.* Hark! What Sounds are these I hear?

## CHORUS.

O, — how great the Glory,  
 That crowns the Hunter's Toil!  
 Like Theseus fam'd in Story,  
 He triumphs in the Spoil.

## AIR.

*Pleasure.* Dryads, Sylvans, with fair Flora,  
 Come, adorn this joyful Place:  
 Come, fair Iris, and Aurora,  
 This our Festival to grace.

## CHORUS.

Lo! we all attend on Flora,  
 To adorn this joyful Place;  
 Iris comes, with fair Aurora,  
 This your Festival to grace.

## AIR.



A I R.

Beauty. Come, O Time, and thy broad Wings displaying,  
Strong essaying,  
Sweep away,  
Without Delay,

The joyous Pleasures of this sweet Abode.---

Lo! he sleepeth.--- His Strength no more availing,

His Pow'r no more prevailing,

To destroy Life's sovereign Good.

A I R.

Counsel. Mortals think, that Time is sleeping,

When so swiftly, unseen He's sailing.

But He comes with Ruin sweeping,

In his Triumph never failing.

RECIT.

Time, [to Beauty.]

You thought to call in vain,--- but see me here:

These lower Regions are my proper Sphere.

Would you then dread no more

My hated Pow'r;

Prepare thee for a nobler Flight,

Amid the Realms of Light.

Time cannot climb the blissful Sky,

Nor follow Immortality.

A I R.

False destructive Ways of Pleasure

Leave, and court a nobler Treasure,

In the starry Realms above.

Here, tho' Folly's Sons defy me,

Yet in vain they seek to fly me;

While through all the World I rove.

B

RECIT.

## The TRIUMPH of

RECIT.

*Counsel, [to Beauty.]*

Too long deluded you have been,  
 By *Pleasure's* false and flatt'ring Scene:  
 Behold fair *Truth*, the heav'nly Image see,  
 Not deck'd, but fairest in Simplicity:  
 White Robes of Innocence she wears;  
 Her Look, her Thoughts turn'd to her kindred Spheres.  
*Time.* Behold her Mirror too,  
 Presenting all things to your View  
 By just Reflection, be they false or true. }

A I R.

*Hautbois*

*Pleasure.* *Lovely Beauty, --- close those Eyes;*  
*Charming Beauty, --- Look not there:*  
*In that View all Pleasure dies:*  
*In Reflection 'is sure Despair.*

RECIT.

*Deceit.* Seek not to know, what known will prove  
 Grief more severe than slighted Love.

A I R.

*Melancholy*  
*Is a Folly;*  
*Wave all Sorrow*  
*Until to-morrow;*  
*Life consists in the present Hour.*  
*This dear Treasure we adore,*  
*With grateful Ardor, still employing,*  
*Still enjoying,*  
*The sweet Moments in our Pow'r.* [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

# TIME and TRUTH.

II

## RECIT.

*Time.* What is the present Hour? 'tis born and gone:

Think on the Years already flown:

Think, when you'll see the Bliss, but see in vain:

Think on convicted Error's self-tormenting Pain.

*Beauty.* No more --- I know not where to turn. ---

My Heart's too sad to laugh, too gay to mourn. ---

## A I R.

*Fain would I, two Hearts enjoying,*

*This in Penitence employing,*

*Freely That resign to Joy. ---*

## RECIT.

*Counsel.* Vain the Delights of Age or Youth,

Without the Sanction and Applause of *Truth.* ---

And as the Soul more bright appears,

Than the frail earthly Form she wears;

So much true Pleasures from this Glass,

All other sublunary Joys surpass.

## A I R.

*Enter* *On the Valleys, dark and cheerless,*

*From the Mountain's Summit, fearless,*

*Soon you'll with Contempt look down:*

*And these darling Pleasures slighting,*

*In sublimer Views delighting,*

*Disbelieve that Choice your own.*

[Da Capo.

## RECIT.

*Time.* Not venial Error This, but stubborn Pride,

To leave a sure and friendly Guide;

Who seeing you bewilder'd stray,

Points out the short and easy Way.

B 2

See,



See, see the happy Port before you lies;  
 And Time exhorts you to be wise.  
 Beauty. Darkly, as through a Glafs, I see  
 The immense Treasure of Futurity:  
 But present Joys my Heart perplex,  
 That, though inclin'd, I cannot fix,  
 To leave this Scene for Immortality.

## A I R.

Hear the Call of Truth and Duty,  
 And to Folly bid adieu:  
 Ere to Dust is chang'd that Beauty,  
 Change the Heart, and good persue.

## C H O R U S.

Ere to Dust is chang'd that Beauty,  
 Change the Heart, and Good persue.



## A C T III.

## RECITATIVE.

Deceit, [to Beauty.]

**N**OCE more I Thee address;  
 Regardful of thy Happiness,  
 Fain would I stop the falling Tear. ---

## A I R.

Sharp Thorns despising  
 Cull fragrant Roses:  
 Why seek you Pleasures  
 Mix'd with Alloy?

TIME and TRUTH.

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Old Age surprising,

Soon the Scene closes:

Life's only Treasure's

Life to enjoy.

RECIT.

Counsel. Regard her not. — Unvalued here,  
Such Tears may fall; but know, each Tear will prove  
A precious Pearl in Heav'n above.

Beauty. Soft and prevailing is thy Voice. — Alas! —  
Too long I've err'd. — Put forth the heav'nly Glass.

Counsel. Behold! it waits your View.

Beauty. Now, Pleasure, take my last Adieu.

A I R.

*fare*  
My former Ways resigning,

To Virtue's Cause inclining,

Thee, Pleasure, now I leave.

Lest when my Spirits fail me,

Repentance can't avail me,

Nor Sickness Comfort give.

ANTHEM.

[Comfort them, O Lord, when they are sick:

Make Thou their Bed in Sickness:

Keep them alive; let them be blessed upon Earth.]

RECIT.

Beauty. Since the immortal Mirror I possess,  
Where Truth's reflective Beauties glow;  
Thee, faithless Form, deluding Glass,  
Thee to thy native Earth I throw.

Pleasure.

*Pleasure.*

Ah! stay, forbear.

*Counsel.* [to *Pleasure.*] In vain you this Prevention dare.

A I R.

*Thus to Ground, Thou, false, delusive,  
 Flatt'ring Mirror, Thee I throw.  
 Thou, who, with vain Art abusive,  
 Didst exalt each charming Feature,  
 Far beyond the Pride of Nature,  
 Feigning Happiness below.* [Da Capo.

R E C I T.

*Beauty.* O mighty Truth, thy Pow'r I see :  
 All that was fair, seems now Deformity.  
 This Day my Pride shall from its Height descend;  
 This Day my Reign of Vanity shall end.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Adieu, vain World, in search of greater Good,  
 I'll pass my Days in sacred Solitude.  
 'Tis fit the Slave of Vanity should dwell,  
 In some sequester'd penitential Cell.

A I R.

*Time.* From the Heart, that feels my Warning,  
 Grateful are the Tears that flow.  
 Pearly Drops the Flow'rs adorning,  
 Grace not more the dewy Morning,  
 Nor such Blessings can bestow.

 [Da Capo.

R E C I T.



RECIT.

*Beauty.* *Pleasure*, too long Associates we have been,  
Now share Conviction from *Truth's* radiant Scene,  
Or far be gone for ever from my Sight. ---

*Pleasure.* As with *Error* I long have been dwelling,  
I with *Truth* now can have no Contentment.

A I R.

*Like Clouds, stormy Winds them impelling,*  
*Disdainful, I fly with Resentment.*

*Hark! the Thunders round me roll,*  
*Truth's awful angry Frowns I see:*  
*Her Arrows wound my trembling Soul;*  
*Nor is there any Joy for me.*

*Ah no! Truth drives me to Despair;*  
*Open, ye Rocks, and hide me there.* [Da Capo.

RECIT.

*Beauty.* Farewel. --- Now *Truth*, descending from the Sky,  
Clad in bright Beams, its glorious Light displays,  
O, Thither let me cast my longing Eye,  
And strive to merit the inspiring Rays.

A I R.

*Guardian Angels, O, protect me,*  
*And in Virtue's Path direct me,*  
*While resign'd to Heav'n above.*  
*Let no more this World deceive me,*  
*Nor vain idle Passions grieve me,*  
*Strong in Faith, in Hope, in Love.*

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah.*

FINIS.

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MILTON.

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